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JOHN F. PHELAN
LLOYD W. JOSSELYN

Tellers of Election.

The PRESIDENT: I have had this beautiful gavel but a very little while, but it nevertheless gives me great pleasure to transfer it. Do you remember that Miss Kelso said that we should be able to produce evidence in the way of results for the value of our work? I am going to make a very distinguished, a very large claim: I think you owe the presence of the president-elect not here only but in the profession to the interest which was originally aroused in his mind in the Milwaukee public library.

Mr. Legler, I have great pleasure in presenting the gavel for the meeting of 1913 to you as president-elect and in asking you to take charge for the remainder of this meeting.

The PRESIDENT-ELECT: Madam President, Members of the American Library Association,—For the personal goodwill which you have expressed, I give to you my thanks. In so far as your action attests confidence, it must be received as a call to service, and—if I may be so presumptuous as to represent in what I say those who have been grouped by you for the ensuing year into one official family—in that spirit we receive this gavel, not as a symbol of authority but of service. Without venturing upon the uncharted sea of prophecy, we shall endeavor to interpret in terms of action those mental

images which have been crystallized for us by the strong, virile papers, fortified by the abounding interest and the contagious enthusiasm of all participants in this conference. The modern library movement, recent as has been its inception, has progressed through two strongly marked stages, and is entering upon a third. The first era was that of pioneering, the sowing of seed. The second may perhaps be termed the era of experimentation, out of which grew a few mistakes and some splendid results. But we have entered upon a third era, the period of constructive work, of careful patient planning, of building enduringly. If a year hence, when we yield into other hands the high commission which you have entrusted to us, we shall be able to say that some advancement has been made, we shall be proud and happy; and we hope that your work, which, of course, must be our work, will yield some realization of our high hopes and aims and aspirations.

What is the pleasure of this conference?

I am advised that Mr. Burpee has another pleasure in store for us, and we shall be glad to hear from him.

Mr. BURPEE: Mr. President and friends of the American Library Association: On behalf of the local committee I have asked our friend Mrs. Herbert Ault, of Ottawa, to try to express to you our feelings in bidding you farewell. Mrs. Ault will sing the old Scotch song, that you all know so well, "Will ye no come back again."

After the singing of this fine old song, Mrs. Ault led the audience in the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," whereupon the president-elect declared the Thirty-fourth Annual Conference of the American Library Association adjourned.

THE SOCIAL SIDE OF THE CONFERENCE

Throughout the eight days which we officially spent within the confines of the Dominion, cordial appreciation of our presence was constantly in evidence.

Twelve years had passed since a gathering of the association had been held among our hospitable co-laborers north of the international boundary; I think we all were convinced that in so long delaying our second visit, we of "the states" had been the losers. No doubt there will hereafter be a greater frequency of Canadian meetings.

The western delegation was the first to experience the sincere and unaffected warmth of Canada's greeting. Ontario's capital and metropolis was reached by the Chicago special at noon of Tuesday, June 25. The Toronto committee of arrangements was composed not only of librarians, but representatives of the provincial government, prominent educators, and professional and business men and women. Their program of entertainment had included a morning automobile ride through the many parks and charming residence quarters of the city; but the ride was abandoned, for the hour at which the guests were tardily delivered to them by the railway managers spelled luncheon, a British institution that brooks no delay.

The scene of the spread was the attractive refectory of Victoria College, one of the considerable group of educational institutions comprising Toronto University. The customary welcome was voiced by Sir James Whitney, premier of the province, the Hon. R. A. Pyne, provincial minister of education, and Dr. George H. Locke, chief librarian of the Toronto public library. Each of these local speakers expressed the hope that the Association might at some early date honor Toronto with one of its annual conferences. Dr. Andrews of John Crerar gracefully responded for the visitors.

Luncheon over, the spacious and well-equipped buildings of the university were visited and admired, and in due time afternoon tea was charmingly served on the smooth-shaven lawn of one of the delightful quads. Dinner followed not long after, in the beautiful new public library building, so admirably administered by Dr. Locke, to whose kindly activity we

owed a large share of the day's greetings; and here the guests tarried and rested amid familiar surroundings until the departure of their train for Ottawa, close upon ten o'clock.

Arriving at Ottawa towards noon of Wednesday, the westerners soon were commingling with their fellows from other parts of the Union and Canada, forgetful of geographical sections and national boundary lines. Before nightfall, all of us realized that we simply were members of a household of co-workers gathered under the family roof-tree of the citizens of Ottawa and the members of the government of the great Dominion. A peculiarity of Canada's hospitality, as we experienced it, was that the government itself, both in Toronto and in Ottawa, was quite as active and as informally cordial in arranging for our entertainment, as were individual or associated bodies of its citizens.

Fortunately our week included both Sunday and Dominion Day. The morning of the former was largely devoted to visits to the many large and sumptuous churches. Especially favored were those who witnessed the fine ante-pilgrimage parade of those French Catholic societies that have for their name-giver St. Jean Baptiste, the patron saint of all French Canadians. The afternoon was spent in driving or trolleying to the numerous parks and several interesting suburbs, and in taking the many walks wherein the stately panoramic view of three commingling rivers (Ottawa, Rideau, and Chaudière) caused us all to envy the lot of those who dwell with this array of mountains and waterfalls at their very doors.

The patriotic exercises of Dominion Day (July 1) reminded us strongly of the historical origin of modern Canada, which owes a large share of her prosperity to the grit and enterprise of the Loyalist pioneers. Driven forth from the American colonies because they failed to sympathize with the movement whose culmination we observe with such enthusiasm, three days later each July, they

carried to the wilds of the north those same sturdy Anglo-Saxon qualities of mind and heart and brawn that have erected and maintained the American Union. That Canada had at last become a powerful, self-conscious, and justly-proud nation, only sentimentally linked with the parent isle and her sister dominions over seas, was a fact borne home to the visitors, with a forcefulness novel to many of them. It is not likely that any American librarian present at the Russell Theatre during Dominion Day, will again flippantly discuss the possibility of our annexation of Canada—the day for that sort of talk has passed, and happily for both sides of the border.

Of course Sir Wilfrid Laurier, no longer premier, but now "leader of His Majesty's Opposition" in Canada, was the chief attraction in the day's program. Foremost of French Canadians, one of the most accomplished of orators, and in every way a world character, Sir Wilfrid's appearance attracted a crowded house; and his graceful speech and charming manner, so characteristic of his race, deserved such recognition. But some other features of the program were no less entertaining in their way—the vigorous, thoughtful, but strictly practical views of Dr. Robertson, as he graphically described Canada's almost boundless resources, and with large vision outlined his plans for their conservation; and the equally clear and insistent, yet delicately humorous, protest of Professor Macnaughton, against such materialistic tendencies of modern education as had been expressed by his friend and predecessor. The day was admirably closed by President Vincent of Minnesota, whose marshalling of the possibilities of librarianship in the furnishing of mental pictures for the entertainment and instruction of humanity, resembled the falls of Chaudière in sparkle and velocity.

Not content with representation on the program and in honorary seats on the platform, the government of the Dominion took a considerable hand in the social activities of the week. Among the attrac-

tions of Ottawa is the central experimental farm of Canada, with its broad, well-kept acres, in which the astronomical observatory is in close touch with the silos, and pastures and barns are attractive features of the landscape gardening, and up-to-date poultry-runs are charmingly mingled with evidences of floral and horticultural experimentation. In this interesting environment, a garden party was given under the auspices of the minister of agriculture, the Hon. Martin Burrell, ably seconded by Mr. John F. Watson of the farm staff. There were tents and lawn chairs, a very British-looking band, military-like policemen as ushers, brilliantly-green foliage, and the socially élite of Ottawa acted as cicerones to the varied activities of farm and observatory. Thus the librarians (who had autoed to the scene, through miles of drives along the park-like banks of the Rideau Canal) were made paradoxically to feel not only at home, but quite as though the scene of their entertainment were four thousand miles eastward, in the motherland itself. Another governmental activity, especially attractive to the young folk of the conference (there are, however, no old librarians), was an informal ball in the parliament building itself. Because of these things, the bibliographical fraternity from the states almost unanimously came to the conclusion that thenceforth they would, in all courtesy, forget all about the recent unpleasantness over reciprocity, and be stout supporters of the present Dominion government. A division on the question, at the close of the conference would, I fancy, have revealed few members of the A. L. A. in the opposition lobby.

The representatives of our own government were not to be outdone in these matters. Consul-General and Mrs. J. G. Foster were informally "at home" on Sunday afternoon. Scores of American librarians, especially those concerned officially in the association's affairs, were much pleased for a short hour to be entertained as guests on what constructively is American soil.

But while official "functions" necessarily stood out with prominence, there was ever on the tapis a succession of unofficial attentions to the visiting throng. Dr. Robertson was the life of the enterprising local committee. Around this body clustered several effective agencies of welcome and entertainment—his worship the mayor (every Canadian mayor is "his worship," but this title of genuine respect would be a serious misfit in some of our cities south of the boundary), the public library board, the local Canadian Club, and the Woman's Canadian Club, all were actively and omnipresently enlisted in our behalf. And wonder of wonders! our little identification button meant free trolley rides within the corporation limits—a much-appreciated premium for wearing the badge. In short, every door was open to us; at every turn, right glad we were made to feel that we had come to Ottawa.

Curiously enough to those of us who think of the A. L. A. in the oft-quoted classification of the hotel agency, as an institution "mostly women," the Ottawa newspapers appeared never to recover from their astonishment in this regard. The preponderating numbers of "lady librarians" was the cause for daily editorial comment. But it was noticeable that the head-lines persistently referred to the event as "Library men in council"—painful evidence of the fact that the prevalent American evil of head-line inaccuracy has at last spread to the north-land.

The practice of holding state, library school, and library staff dinners in the course of the conference, is increasing. These gatherings form an interesting and welcome feature of our social activities during conference week. At Ottawa they were more numerous and noticeable than heretofore, and gave rise to much good-natured rivalry as to enthusiasm, numbers, and table decorations. It is evident that the library schools are gathering traditions with age; and their alumni associations are growing in pardonable self-consciousness. A new feature was the

exchange of rival "yells." One director was heard to express her intention of offering prizes in the next school year, for appropriate class songs and collegiate battle-cries, that her school might not be outdone in this respect by the vociferous young women of Pratt and Wisconsin. One heard more or less at Ottawa, of "the girls of our class," "dear old Pratt," "the way we do it at Albany," the "traditions of Wisconsin" (five years old!), and the like. It is thus that the profession is looking up.

Socially, the Canadian conference was eminently successful, both at Toronto and Ottawa. This feature was, in its way, quite as good as the literary program itself, and that is saying much. As for Madame President, she sweetly and dignifiedly looked and acted her part, socially as well as behind the gavel, and the Dominion folk fairly worshipped her. I fancy, when all is said, that that perhaps is a good share of the secret of our undoubted success in Canada.

REUBEN G. THWAITES.

A DAY IN TORONTO

A most cordial invitation from the Toronto public library, through the librarian, Dr. Locke, had been received for a day's visit in that city en route to the A. L. A. meeting at Ottawa, and the party which assembled at Chicago to take the special train looked forward with great expectation. Needless to say these expectations were fully met. As this was the first hospitality offered, the zest for enjoyment was at full height when the party from the middle-west reached Toronto, Tuesday morning, June 25. Most of the company had left their various posts of duty only the day before and were ready to enter a new land with a joyful spirit.

The special train was nearly two hours late in arriving at Toronto and thereby lost to the visitors the pleasure of an automobile ride which had been arranged by the City Council. Still, as no one had anticipated it, the pleasant street car ride, which took its place, was a welcome